

Of Interest to Every Woman

Edited by *Martha Westover*

WOMEN WHO WIN IN TRADE

MISS MARGUERITE BERTSCH,
Moving Picture Playwright.
By Isabel Stephens.

As a rule success shows herself a coy dame, requiring much labor, patience, disappointment, and failure. She bestows her laurels on aspiring mortals, but she really forced herself on Miss Marguerite Bertsch, who, although a young girl, is acknowledged the peer of any moving picture playwright in America.

Miss Bertsch was a school teacher, who loved her work and was very happily situated in it, but there was no sign of any success in what is called the art of playwriting. She took a course at Columbia embracing these studies, and wrote a couple of plays which she took to Mrs. De Mille, the play broker in New York City, who gave her much advice and encouragement. Here is how success came to Miss Bertsch in that clever young woman's own words:

"I am a New York girl and, although none of my previous work was called 'literary,' I had always a great ambition to write. After studying at Columbia for some time I sent a play to Mrs. De Mille, who saw much promise in the work and sent me the following note: 'I believe that it would be worth while for her to give me all the assistance she could, and it was chiefly through this friendship that I was influenced to turn my mind seriously towards playwriting.'

"One summer vacation I went to the Vitagraph Company and offered my services in the scenario writing department. They took me on and I worked there all summer. I found the work exceedingly interesting, and it was an excellent opportunity for me to learn the technique of the scenario. At the end of my vacation I went back to teaching school, but the following year I again applied for a position with the Vitagraph people and worked as I had the subsequent year.

"I had no intention of giving up school then, but when the time came for me to tender my resignation to the Vitagraph people, they offered me such splendid inducements that I was simply forced to accept. I was very sorry to leave off teaching school, but I am very glad that I got this chance, for this work in itself is an inspiration to me, and I have every advantage.

"There is a splendid future for people with ideas in writing scenarios. The prices paid are generous, being all the way from \$25 to \$1000 each. The salaries required for this work are not high, but the same as that required for a dramatist. A keen appreciation of dramatic situations, the ability to construct plots with a good original touch to them, and a good square knowledge of one's limitations are necessary for success in this work.

"The first thing a girl should do who is thinking of taking up this work is to have herself a good mental examination. She must take stock of her talents, and see if they really fit her for this work. It is easily possible for anyone to teach her the technique of playwriting, but it is impossible for her to become a successful playwright unless she really has the gift of originality in forming plots. All the training in the world will not teach her to get the great idea that is the foundation of every play. If she finds that she has not this gift she is certainly not different enough in sending scenarios to different companies.

"It is remarkable how commonplace, and how very much alike, the majority of plays which are sent to us from out-of-town writers consist of a rule of a few names of men, and a plot which is not without doubt the writers considered that they were sending in something wonderfully different from everything else.

"Given the necessary capabilities, however, success is first a question of time. The best teacher is the moving picture show. The student should carefully analyze the plays she sees on the screen, and see wherein her own fall short.

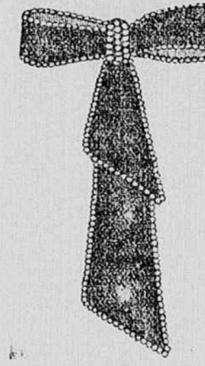
"There are a few pointers which this company gives to people who wish to submit scenarios, and if they have the idea and follow these directions, they will have a good chance to break in.

"Scenarios offered for sale for motion pictures must be such as the person offering them has the legal right to dispose of. One may have the copyright of a scenario which is entirely original to himself, or which he has purchased from the owner, or which is based upon material to which any member of the public has a right. Stories based upon folklore, upon historical incidents, or upon plays or novels, out of copyright are of the latter class. Stories may be copied, but the pathetic, melodramatic, or comic or what you will.

"A scenario should under no circumstances be offered to two manufacturers at the same time. You can submit it to one, and if he does not like it, you may then offer it to another. But you must offer a scenario to a second firm until you have had a definite refusal from the first. Be careful not to duplicate the same story already done in motion pictures.

"The time allowance for the longest motion picture is twenty minutes. The longest scenario should not run as a general thing over three and a half min-

A PARISIAN NECK BOW.



May be edged with embroidery and beads.

Cotton fabric gloves that have a chambray or doekin finish are worn this fall.

Some of the new tailored suits for young girls have the belt dropped to the hip line.

Tailored suits display a half straight, slightly draped skirt. Some simply have the wide pocket effect and show a clinging fashion about the hem.

Household Notes

Telescope brushes enable the housekeeper to reach out-of-the-way places easily. One of these for brushing walls has a handle three feet long which can be made three feet longer by means of a telescope rod that extends the handle. A hearth brush, a furniture brush and one for cleaning stairs, are constructed on the same principle.

Now we have the ideal egg-boiling basket. It is constructed of wire, similar to the ordinary basket, with a three-minute clock dial having a spring attachment that lifts the basket promptly at the expiration of the three minutes.

To clean an enamel bathtub, wipe it dry and then rub it with a cloth dipped in turpentine and salt. Afterward wash it with clean warm water.

To clean French kid gloves, dry them on your hands and wash them in spirits of turpentine, then hang them where there is a current of air. To keep bread boards a beautiful white, rub them well with half a lemon, then wash in cold water and stand them in the wind and sun to dry.

Red tiles can be made a fine bright color if rubbed with a lemon and dipped in lime salt. Leave it for a few minutes and wash in the usual way.

If you want to paper a room cheaply yet artistically, use rolls of coarse brown paper that the butchers use for wrapping paper. Put it on the wall the same way as ordinary wallpaper is put on.

HOLLOW OF HER HAND

By GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Chellis Wrandsall is found dead in a roadhouse. Her body is secretly removed to the home of her mother, where she is buried. The woman who was the friend of the Wrandsall family, particularly by Leslie Wrandsall, the murdered man's brother, the two women, Mrs. Wrandsall and Leslie's house, and Leslie Wrandsall expresses his intention of coming there for the week-end, accompanied by his friend, Brandon Booth, a painter.

"Well, his very evident interest in me," cried the girl hotly. "I'm not a flower—this is the second box this week—and he is so kind, so very friendly, Sara, that I can't bear it—I really can't!"

Mrs. Wrandsall stared at her. "You can't very well send him about his business," she said, "unless he becomes more than friendly. Now, can you?"

"That it seems so—so horrible, so humiliating," groaned the girl.

"Sara faced her squarely. 'See here, Betty,' she said levelly, 'we have made our bed, you and I. We must lie in it together. If Leslie Wrandsall should ever fall in love with you, that is his affair, not ours. We must face every condition. In plain words, we must play the game.'

"What could be more appalling than to have him fall in love with me?"

"The other way," cried the girl, "would be more dramatic, I should say."

"Good God, Sara!" cried the girl in horror. "How can you even speak of such a thing?"

"After all, why shouldn't?" began Sara, but stopped in the middle of her suggestion, with the result that it had its full effect without being uttered in so many cold-blooded words. The girl shuddered.

"I wish, Sara, you would let me unburden myself completely to you," she pleaded, seizing her friend's hands.

"You have forbidden me—"

Sara pulled her hands away. Her eyes flashed. "I do not want to hear it," she cried fiercely. "Never, never! Do you understand? It is your secret. I will not share it with you. I should hate you if I knew anything. As it is, I love you because you are a woman who suffered at the hand of one who made me suffer. There is nothing more to say. Don't bring up the subject again. I want to be your friend for ever, not your confidante. There is a distinction. You may be able to see how very marked it is in our case, Betty. What one does not know seldom hurts."

"But I want to justify myself—"

"It isn't necessary," cut in the other so peremptorily that the girl's eyes spread into a look of anger. Whereupon Sara Wrandsall threw her arms about her and drew her down beside her on the chaise-longue. "I didn't mean to be harsh," she cried. "We must not speak of the past, that's all. The future is not likely to hurt us, dear. Let us avoid the past."

"The future!" sighed the girl, staring blankly before her.

"I appreciate what it is to be," said the other, "but to think of what it might have been—"

"I know," said Betty, in a low voice. "And yet I sometimes wonder if—"

Sara interrupted. "You are paying me dear instead of the law," she said gently. "I am not a harsh creature, and I live."

"My life belongs to you. I give it cheerfully, even gladly."

"Sara smiled. "Well, if it belongs to me, you might at least permit me to develop it as I would any other possession. I take it as an investment. It will probably fluctuate."

"Now you are justifying."

"Perhaps," said Sara, tranquilly.

The next morning Betty set forth for her accustomed tramp over the roads that wound through the estate. Sara, who had been waiting for her, resenting the chill spring dizziness that did not in the least discourage the Englishwoman. The mistress of the house and of the child's destiny stood in the broad French window watching her as she strode sprightly, healthily toward the maple-lined avenue in the direction of the gates. The gardeners dotted their caps to her as she passed, and also bowed after her with respectful glances.

There was a queer smile on Sara's lips that remained long after the girl was lost to view beyond the lodge. It was still on her lips as she came from her eyes as she passed beside the old English table to bury her nose in one of the gorgeous roses that Leslie had sent out to Betty the day before. They were all going to the room, dozens of them. The girl had in her hand, and she turned downstairs instead of in her own little sitting-room, for which they plainly were intended.

A heavy sea turn had brought lower. Her gray dress and a dress, enveloping mist that never quite assumed the dignity of a deluge and yet blew wet and cold to the very marrow of the bones. Her English blood warmed to it. Her English blood warmed to it. As she strode briskly across the meadow-ward road in the direction of the woods that lay ahead, a soft ruddy glow crept up to her cheeks, and a sparkle of joy into her eyes. She walked strongly, rapidly. Her straight, lithe young figure was a joyous thing to behold. High boots, short skirt, a loose jacket and a broad felt hat made her costume. She was graceful, adorable; a young, healthy, blood-surged creature in whom the blood surged quickly, strongly—the type of woman men are wont to classify as "infinitely desirable." Through why she should differentiate is no small mystery unless there really is such a thing as one woman possessing an adorably feminine quality denied to her sisters. Be that as it may, there is a distinction and men prize themselves on knowing it. Betty was alluringly feminine. Leaving out the matter of morality, whatever they are, and coming right up to her as an example of her sex, pure and simple if you please, we are bound to say that she was perfect. The best thing we can say of Chellis Wrandsall is that she took the same view of her that we should, and fell in love with her. He would have married her if he could, there isn't much doubt as to that, no matter what she had been before she knew her, or what she was at the time of his discovery. No more is it to be considered unique that his brother should have experienced a similar interest in her, knowing even less. She was the sort of girl one falls in love with and remembers it the rest of his life.

Take her now, for instance, as she swings along the highway, fresh, trim and graceful, her chin upturned, her cheeks warm, her eyes clear and as

A Line of Cheer
Each Day of the Year

Nov. 20

UNBOUND.
Sometimes when feeling close confined
And shut within a narrow sphere,
It's rather pleasing to my mind
To gaze off in the heavens clear,
And fancy that the stars are
A front-seat at some wondrous show
Where I may sit and watch the strut
Of forces marching to and fro;
And when the play for me is done,
I'll find at last my own place.
In broad fields bounded by the sun,
The moon, the stars and endless space.

An Ideal Room for the Nursery.

Talented persons have seen fit from time to time to criticize the American system of bringing up children out of the nursery. Just as other persons have seen fit to condemn the English nursery system. Of course, both systems when carried to extremes have their faults. But the nursery system has much on its side in this age of rush and hurry.

One of the big hotels has recently opened a play-room for the children of its patrons. There the children can stay for hours under the care of reliable attendants, happy and free from restraint, playing under a watched older eye. Surely they are much better off than if they were playing in their respective rooms in the hotel. The situation is the same in many houses. The children of the house would be far better off in a big nursery set aside for their own use than they are in their own rooms or the family living rooms.

The nursery, of course, should be one of the pleasantest, sunniest rooms in the house. It should be full of light and air. There should be a different room for night and day use, for no children should be allowed to sleep in the room in which they have spent the day, unless space is so limited that they absolutely must. If they must sleep in the day room, they should leave it long enough before bedtime so that the windows may be thrown wide open and the air changed completely before they get into bed.

There are two sides to the nursery idea and one is the side of the grown folk. In a moderately small house there is little comfort for grown-ups when the living room is overrun with children's toys, the stairs are cluttered with dolls and blocks, the bedrooms show traces of invasions of lead soldiers and the dining-room table shows the impress of buttered fingers. But if a big, sunny, second-floor room is turned into a day nursery, wherein the children of the house spend most of their time, unattended by adult hands, not to touch the furniture and not to step on the cushions and not to pull the portieres and not to do a dozen and one other things that a normal child wants to do when he is in the family living room and a normal grown-up does not want the child to do—life for every inmate of the moderately small house will be more comfortable.

New Indian Animal Stories

How the Chipmunk Got His Stripes
By John M. Osklan.



LCHILDREN, get out your water-color paint-box and color up these pictures.

LONG time ago, when the gray little chipmunk darted across the meadow in the yellow sunlight of a summer morning, the old men would call to the little Indian boys not to shoot their arrows at it.

"Tel he is our friend," an old man would say, and when the boys asked why the chipmunk was their friend, the old man would tell this story:

It was in the days when man began to spread out over the earth and chase him from the yellow sun, and animals and insects. Whenever man wanted a bird or an animal to eat or a worm to catch a fish, he just went and took it without asking.

So the birds, the insects and the small animals called a council to see what they could do to stop man from taking their lives. It was a queer council that took place, for all the council was to be held and when she got back from her long travels, the chipmunk settled down in a patch of wild oats and began to eat. She was so hungry that all she would say to those who asked her if all of man's enemies were coming was:

"You will have to get extra seeds, and put the thousand-legged centipede at the door to keep them off when they go into the council house."

And sure enough when the grubworm, who was chief of the council, took his seat at the east end of the council house and looked over all who had come, he rubbed his hands in good humor at the sight of so many of man's enemies.

"Now, it is time for you to speak and tell what you think about man," said the grubworm. And first the frog got up and spoke.

"Look at me, brothers," he said (and he spoke in a low, sad voice). "I am ugly and crippled, and all over my skin is covered with sores. I can no longer run fast, but have to hop-hop alone. I am no longer beautiful, and my throat is twisted so that my song is no longer

sweet and clear. Man has kicked me about so much that I am as you see me. I think that it is time to remove man from the earth."

"Then, the black-legged snipe spoke and told every one why he wanted man killed.

"I suffer worse than the frog," said the snipe. "Man seizes me and runs a sharp stick through me and holds me over the fire until my very liver is burned black and crisp. You all know how hard it is for me to walk, how I have to go leaping along even on the smooth sand. Well, if man had burned my legs and feet as he has burned mine, you would know why I vote to have man removed from this earth."

So, one after another spoke and said what they thought man ought to be killed, and after each one spoke the grubworm cried out:

"That was a good talk, brother!"

Finally, the little chipmunk got up and said that he would like to say a few words about man; and the grubworm told him to go ahead.

"I am the friend of man," said the chipmunk first, and then he said to the animals and birds and insects that he would like to have man here—but the chipmunk said:

"Because I am yellow like the sun, and light and glow through the camp like a happy boy's arrow. I do not want to be—"

But the hawk's sharp claws raked the back of the chipmunk as he ran and made stripes along his whole body—and those stripes are there to this day to show what the chipmunk suffered for speaking up for man.

ORIENTAL INFLUENCE.



This giraffe of black satin with heavy silver fringe, has been copied from the richly embroidered coat of a Chinese mandarin.

ALTOGETHER FANCY.

Is this light-gray tulle, with chiffon and lace. The hat is of silver lace and Corbeau blue velvet.

utes, the number of scenes should not run as a general thing over twenty. Scenes and dialogue must not exceed twenty minutes.

Manuscripts must be typewritten on one side of the paper only. Letter size paper, about eight and one-half inches, is best. Name and permanent address of writer must be written on the manuscript to insure return if rejected.

Hearing all these things in mind, write your play and send it to the company which you think is most liable to accept it. Do not send it hesitatingly. Study the cases of the different firms. If you make a study of the performers of a certain company and then write a play which will suit them and send to the scenario manager, your play naturally has many more chances than would be the case where it would be necessary to make the players suit your characters.

"This work is just beginning and has a wonderful future. It requires hard work and brains, but the rewards are certainly coming."

In spite of the prices paid for scenarios being so large, the work, even when one is on the staff of a company like the Vitagraph, is arduous. Miss Bertsch is hard at work all day long, and as I left her she turned to attack a mountain of manuscripts which covered the ribb roller-top desk.

For Your Traveling Bag.

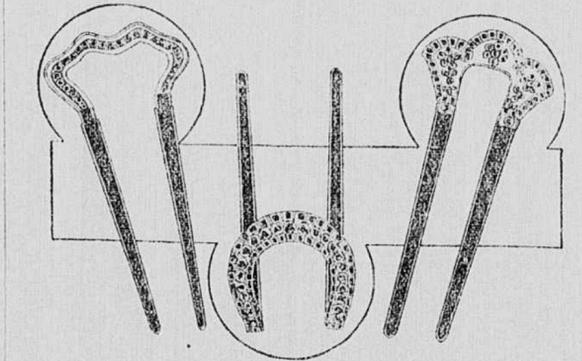
Brown leather traveling bags, or any other brown leather goods, may be beautifully polished by rubbing them with the inside of a banana skin and then polishing with a soft, dry cloth.

MENU

Steamed Eggs and Dates	Cereal
Shirred Eggs on Toast	Coffee
Crullers	
Luncheon.	
Fried Oysters.	Ficinity
Potato Chips.	Cakes
Fruit.	
Tea	
Dinner.	
Tomato-Rice Soup	
Baked Spiced Ham	Baked Potatoes
Spinach	Creamed Beets
Brown Betty	Lettuce Salad
	Coffee

Brown Betty.
Butter the bakedsheet and the with crumbs of bread. Slice greenings or any good baking apple and the flour the pan is covered with butter, sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon and cloves, add a layer of bread crumbs, repeat until the dish is full, finishing with bread crumbs and bits of butter. Bake for first 15 minutes covered, then uncover and allow to brown nicely. Serve warm with hard sauce.

The smartest waistcoat is a bright sulphur yellow pique de chambray. It is fastened in a straight line from a low waist to the chin with bullet buttons of gun-metal. The loose, rolling collar stands higher than the coat and frames the face.



THE BEAUTIFUL NEW HAIRPINS. They are of real turquoise, with the diamond heads. The stones delicately set in silver of platinum finish. The tops are lined so that they may be at any angle in the hair.

There was the chance that he would meet her coming back.

A Faithful Gray-Point.

Leslie Wrandsall came out on the eleven-thirty. Betty was at the station with the motor, a sudden recent beauty that had been in the shop only a few days. The sun shone brightly. The sound glared with the white of reflected skies.

"I thought of catching the 8 o'clock," he said, "but I was a little late. I dropped my bag beside the motor in order to reach over and shake hands with her. That would have gotten me here hours earlier. The difficulty was that I didn't think of the 8 o'clock until I awoke at 9."

"And then you had the additional task of thinking about breakfast," said Betty, but without a trace of sarcasm.

"I never think of breakfast," said he amiably. "I merely eat it. Of course, it's a task to eat it sometimes, but—well, how are you? How do you like it out here?"

He was beside her on the broad seat, his face beaming, his ray little nose-buckle pointing upward at the ends like oblique brown exclamation points, no expansive was his smile.

(To Be Continued.)